and I didn't dream that the ocean was not still between us."
"Papa's fortunes went all away," said

"Papa's fortunes went all away," said
Kitty, "and I determined to do for myself.
I went to London to teach, or do anything
feasible, when I was taken by this lady."

The three singularly associated individuals breakfasted together, and afterward
packed their belongings for travel. Only
for a few minutes at a time were Talbot and
Kitty alone together. The girl seemed disinclined to talk of her employer. Still she was explicit enough to show to Talbot the complex and spiteful character of Mrs. Relitska. Having become a morphine taker, the lady had fallen seriously ill at the end of two years. It was then that she had retired to a hospital in Berlin, a fashionable maniace. fashionable asylum for fashionable manises.

Some currious statistics regarding victims of the morphine habit show that out of 100 cases 30 were completely cured, 46 died of poison and 24 became habitual drankards.

On leaving Berlin Mrs. Relitska had given up morphine, but had taken to drinking.

Then, reconquered by her old vice, she had added alcohol to optim; morphine during the day and which at a prophine during the day and which a prophine during the day and the day the day and whisky at night, until she fell asleep in exhaustion.

"What was the noise last night in her com?" Talbot inquired. "She doesn't dare

"O, am I the girl to stand that," was the

evasive reply.

Then the lady entered, and discussion of her had to cease. Talbot's disgust was mineled with anger. He felt humiliated and disheartened. Was he condemned to remain with this despicable, besotted creature? Should he leave Kitty Mellish with her? Up to this point he had no reason personally to complain; but what was his duty toward the girl he loved? Perhaps Kitty divined his apprehensions, for she

soon found the chance to say:

"Talbot, you are above these humiliations. In spite of her violent disposition, Madame will take care not to offend you. She needs your wit, your society, and your talents. In short, she has seen that you are a man of the world—a gentleman, in a po-sition beneath your real dignity. She fears you and with her fear is only one form of respect. I beg of you to make the trip with her—lor my sake and your own. We can't be choosers of our employment, and I must

fill out my engagement."
"Then I shall, of coursa, keep mine, he ardently responded. "We are too poor to be fastidious, and you shall at least be

Mrs. Relitska had explained to her companions that she was going to the uttermost bounds of Dakota, near Deadwood, to sell lands left to her by her second husband. She had been told that it was a region of thieves and murderers. The papers rethat amiable child of the far West, who knew no other law than his own pleasure, and no other judge than the revolver. Then, too, what an acduous journey. She would have to travel across the prairies in stage coaches. She had laughed and answered that she was going to Deadwood for busi-ness, not pleasure; that half of her fortune was at stake and that she owed it to hersel! to brave these imaginary perils. Beside,

she wished to get away from civilization.

The tourists were off before night on the railway portion of the journey. The Russian was by no means taciturn concerning herself, and, as Talbot was not talkative, she found him very intelligent. It takes con-siderable wit to know how to listen. Moreover, the more he listened to her, the more she irritated him. The egotism and hard-ness of this still beautiful woman were constantly betraying themseives. Beside, it was quite apparent that she was jealous of Kitty Mellish. In this way they traveled until they reached the station on the prairi; where they were to leave the comfortable cars and take to stage coaches. Until this point, the Russian aboved herself less cor-dial, but also less familiar. For his part, Talbot remained shut up in his glacial reserve. His politeness amounted to stiffness, Her retaliation took the form of coldness

and hauteur toward Kitty.

The night was spent at a small inn, from which the stage was to start next morning. During supper Mrs. Relitska remained siting not to notice her hired companions. The ladies were tired, and therered early to their rooms, while Talbot spent an hour sauntering about the

He was just closing the door of his room then a tumult was heard in Mrs. Relitska' apartment. He rushed to the possible aid of Kitty, for he knew not what might occur. Upon the threshold of her room stood the girl, in evident alarm, while Mrs. Relitska was scolding her loudly. The Russian re-coiled at the sight of the young man. "Wait a moment, madam," said he in im-

He led Kitty to her own room, and then returned, with the resolve to break at any ost the ties that united them. He found her buried in an arm-chair motionless, with hands folded and eyes fixed.
"By what right do you busy yourself with

my affairs?" cried she, hoarsely. "I never meddle with yours, I fancy." "My answer is brief; I am about to leave

"Ah!" She made an abrupt movement, as if in some hasty annoyance. A bottle of whisky, half empty, stood beside her on the table. The wretched woman was drunk, but not enough so that she failed to see the dis-gust upon his face. Then she blushed, as if "I beg of you—do not decide yet. You see that it is impossible for me to argue with you. Please think over it until to-morrow. I ask your rardon for the wor's that I have

"My resolution is irrevocable," replied Talbut frigidly. "I am at the end of my

patience, and I must protect Miss Mellish He was turning away when she rose and came toward him, trying to take his hand. "No, no! don't go, I beg of you! Be indulgent; I am so much to be pitted!"

She spokelin hollow tones, like one moaning in delirium. Talbot bowed, and went out. He understood only too well her need of his protection. Perhaps in his heart he wished only to yield, so strong was his de-sire to extricate himself from the abyes of

some one knocked softly at Talbat's door.

It was Kitty, very pale, and still agitated by the violent scene of the night before. She begged him not to abandon the Russian, but to stay to the end of the agree

"We are too poor, Talbot, to be capricious," she urged. "We are in an adventurous land; why not follow our adventure through? I shall feel safe so long as

That was a convincing argument, and Talbot pressed the girl's hand as he said: "You are courageous, Kitty. Then we will jour-ney along with our strange mistress."

"Kitty's face cleared. "How good you are!" she returned. Talbot felt unduly rewarded by this un-

deserved burst of gratitude. He went at once to Mrs. Belitska. For this visit she had not dared to hope. On waking she had recalled the events of the previous night, and had thought with horror of finding ber-self alone in the boundless West. How could Talbot be induced to recall his decis-She thought that she understood him, and his icy politeness inspired her with a wholesome fear. When he entered, he could scarcely recognize in her the wreck of the night before. She hastened to him, and, taking his hand, made him sit down

"Tell me at once that you didn't mean to that you will forgive me."

'It you keep up that severe look I shall never dare to speak. Don't be se cruel to a poor, nervous creature, who doen't always know what she's about. Oh, I'm not try-ing to excuse myself, or to plead extenuat-ing circumstances. I rely not upon your sympathy, but on your generosity. Think of all the danger for me between here and my ranch. It would be cruel to desert me at a time when I have only your protec-

There was a short silence. "You must un-derstand that I cannot tolerate any more such scenes with Miss Mellish," he said.

"You may be sure—"
"It is not to your entreaties that I yield,"
he went on coldly. "In fact, my interest in

you has entirely disappeared. But Kitty has made the same request."

The woman seemed lished to fury. "And it is to her that I owe your indulgence."
"Yes; and I will not have you—do you understand clearly?—I will not have you understand clearly?—I will not have you inflict indignity on this girl. I agree to remain with you upon the conditions named, but if you break your promise no consideration shall keep me. So reflect well!"

"I have reflected. I need you. I must keep you as a friend. If you could only gain some influence over me. I am not naturally deprayed—only spoiled by bad habits. Ah, if I had only met earlier such people as you and Kitty." She spoke slowly and sadly with the humility of the Slavonio people, who will always sacrifice their vanity to satisfy a caprice. "In future you shall have no reason to reproach me. I

strange words, or was it merely the symptom of another hysterical attack. However, Kitty now appeared and they went to break-"I have been harsh, very harsh with you, Kitty," said Mrs. Relitska; "but my friend Talbot has shown me my error. You must

excuse me. The girl muttered a few words. She knew by experience that the mildness would not last long, and her anger was less ominous than her seasons of repentance. During the meal she was unusually gay. She bent all her energies toward blotting out the memory

her energies toward biotting out the memory of the misunderstanding.

The stage coach journey was begun smoothly, but within 24 hours Mrs. Relitska had forgotten all her promines, and was once more the capricious woman of earlier days. The prairie lands were of an exasperating monotony, and the sight of sundry ragged and dirty Indians irritated the invalid, who had recourse to a double dose of morphine. Then she began to be afraid of the pessible consequences, if Talbot should undertake to leave her and take Kitty away too. Toward 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the second day 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the second day they were approaching the station of Willow Creek when the stage stopped short. In her alarm she hailed the driver: "What has happened?" she cried in

She got in response the most desolating news that it was impossible to travel farther thatday. A gang of cowboys had possessed the road, and the coach was at the mercy of their caprices. Mrs. Relitska uttered cries of alarm. What was to become of her?

"Be\* calm, Madam," said Talbot; "a little cries of their caprices and the coach was the coach and the coach was at the mercy of their caprices. tle patience, and matters will right them-selves. We can spend the night at this lodging house; and as to the dangers that you fear, I think them purely imaginary. I am well armed and will keep my eyes

In his own mind the young man was by no means reassured; but he would not alarm the women, especially the younger and dearer one. He had learned that 25 desperadoes, angered against the stage com-pany, were assembled in the neighborhood, resolved to plunder everything if the man-agement should not yield to their demands. Her irritation increased still more when they offered her for a repast bread, bacon and beaus. She said not a word, but Kitty knew her too well to be misled. At the sight of the pale face and glittering eyes, the disgust at the food and the over-united the rest of the manufacture.

He suspected that she would replace the missing dinner by whisky, but being unable to hinder it, he feigned indifference, and soon shut himself up in his room and opened the window. The encampment of cowboys was insensibly closing in upon was beating as it it would burst, and he had them, the only passengers in the coach, as if

to shut off every means of escape.

Talbot did not for three hours move from his post. At last a movement arose outside, and he saw men going to and fro with lighted torches. What could be their designs? Did they mean to set fire to the house? Suddenly the men turced their backs on the log house and walked off to-ward the inclosure where the cattle and horses belonging to the company were kept. Talbot saw that they meant to execute one of their favorite maneuvers, that of setting fire to the fences and buildings inclosing the animals. The latter, terrified by the flames, would break loose and dash frantically about, and while the people of the log house were trying to catch them the cowboys would carry off all the baggage in forbidden. charge of the stage company.

Just at this instant an outery was heard from the room given to the women. Talbot grasped the situation—a disgraceful scene was being made there by the morphia wo-man. When he ought to be on the watch for the safety of his companions, he found himself obliged to save Kitty from the possible fury of a madwoman,

ш.

The morphine taker, combined with the drunkard, is no longer a thinking creature, but is a brute, whose unbridled passions may a responsible person. She had forgotten all her promises to Talbot, and, after a struggle against herself, the watched as the said. The ban is removed. Now we can talk." lead to crime. Mrs. Relitska was no longer against herself, the wretched woman had come to the end of her forces. Kitty had not felt reassured, and, far from sharing Talbot's confidence, had been expecting that their employer would make an outpreak. As usual, Mrs. Relitska was seeking obliv-As usual, Mrs. Relitska was seeking obliv-ion, and she doubled the quantity of whisky just as she had doubled the dose of mor-phine. Wrapped in her shawls, she lay prostrate on the hard floor, with vacant, wide-opened eyes, and lost in a sullen rev-erie. The heavy silence was broken only by the shouts coming from the prairie encamp-ment. The hours dragged slowly by; abe did not move or speak. Was she going to did not move or speak. Was she going to fall asleep there? Suddenly she started up, throwing off her wraps.

"Kitty," said she, harshly.
"I am here, madam," replied the girl, who had not disrobed.

"No words! Obey me!"

Kitty understood that morphine was wanted; but whether her hand trembled or had grown stiff with fatigue, in adminis-tering the desired dose of morphine she happened to strike the Russian's torchead. Punishment was not long in following. Mrs. Relitska berated her so rudely that she

burst into tears. "Instead of that stupid crying you had better go to work again," she said. But as Kitty kept on sobbing the anger of the woman rose to fury. She threw herself upon the girl, striking her to the ground and

stamping on her in her frenzy.

Just at this moment Talbot appeared. He remained for an instant in motionless consternation at the sight, although he did not then know that physical violence had been used. But his presence, tar from calming the madwoman, heightened her fury; and seizing her victim by the hair, she dragged her into the middle of the room, with a glare of defiance at the young man. In the came away?"

That your left the neighborhood. He persecuted me with his attentions, and when I told him that—that—"and the sentence died in a blush.

"That your heart had gone away with plare of defiance at the young man. In his indignation he sprang forward with such force that she recoiled. Then, gently lifting the almost lifeless body of the girl, he raised her to her feet and conducted her to

"Go to my room, Kitty. You shall stay no longer with this demon."

Kitty obeyed and Talbot found himself alone with Mrs. Relitska. "You heard me?" he went on imperiously. "We will both leave you. It would be criminal on my part to expose that poor girl to you may

longar."
Mrs. Relitsks laughed. "So you imagine that I will go on tolerating your mastery? Who is master here?" and she approached "I am the master," he went on. Youyou are a madwoman and a drunkard.
Lunatics and drunkards should be left to
themselves or locked up."

In her exasperation, she rushed at her adversary and struck at him, but his patience

was at an end. He seized her hands, which still had the strength to tear themselves from his powerful grip. Had she some intuition that she would be obliged to yield? Her haggard eyes looked about for some weapon of defense. Suddenly, with a cry of joy, she seized a long kuile, which was lying in its sheath among her traveling outfit, and sprang forward. The sharp blade touched his arm and made a slight wound. Then the young Irishman lost his head. He seized the woman by the shoulders, and when she resisted, trying to stoop down and make her escape, his hands closed tightly about her slender throat. The struggle was short and violent, she resisting furiously, and he feverishly tightened his grasp. Suddenly she gave a short, choking sound, her eyes stood out and her head fell backward by its own weight. It was all so hasty that Talbot started back in terror. Mrs. Relitiska swayed to and fro, and, as if in a swoon, fell to the ground.

to the ground.

Just then shouts were heard without, in Just then shouts were heard without, in the broad space between the house and the river. They were cries of joy, of triumph, and could bear only a sinister meaning. "Ah, I had forgotten—they are coming to plunder us," thought Talbot. He ran to the window, grasping his revolver. The cowboys were surrounding the house. "There's the fellow!" cried one, with an

Irish accent.

The voice more than the words struck Talbot, for it was so like that of his cousin Gregory O'Carroll, that he felt for an in stant that the speaker must be none other than his relation and rival. The mob world erated anew, and one, with a thoroughl brutal face cried out: "I'll look after him. This one lifted the muzzle of his gur toward the window, and before Taibot could draw back the ball struck him in the right shoulder. With a hoarse groan he sank to his knees. Twice he tried to rise, but in vain. He was losing considerable blood, and his strength was exhausted by useless efforts. The struggle between will and transit could be transit out laws. Finally he

efforts. The struggle between will and strength could not last long. Finally he closed his eyes and fell backward.

He did not regain consciousness until midnight. A clot of blood, forming about his wound, had checked the flow which might have proved fatal. Then the events which had passed so rapidly returned one by one to his confused memory. How did he happen to be still alive? A nale ray of moonlight crept through the open window upon the gastly face of Mrs. Relitaka. Slowly and painfully be dragged himself toward her. She did not move; she was dead—kiffed! But by whom? By him, Talbot, or by those men? He looked at her in horror, and asked himself if he could be a murderer? Impossible. She could not have succumbed so quickly. A struggle of a few minutes, however fierce it may be, does not

minutes, however fierce it may be, does not end so tragically.

Traces of blood reddened her livid cheeks.
Her ears were lacerated. Then, finally,
Talbot gathered that the cowboys must have Talbot gathered that the cowboys must have broken into the house, plundering everything, even to the jewels in this woman's ears. Dead! The robbers had thought her to be in a swoon, not knowing that the poor creature had ceased to breathe. So he, Talbot Power, a well-born Irish gentleman, was the murderer! With the extreme lucidity of fever he again recalled all the incidents of the evening. He had strangled her! He placed his hand upon her heart. It was no longer beating.

longer beating.

In withdrawing his hand he felt something stiff resisting beneath his touch. It was a square envelope pinned inside the dress of the Russian. Instinctively and althe disgust at the food and the over-excitement of the morphine, the girl expected a terrible scene.

The log house consisted of a large kitchen on the ground floor, and several small rooms overhead. One of these Mrs. Relitska and Kitty occupied, while Talbot took the garret with a single window opening on the prairie, from which he could watch the horizon, and warn the two women in case of danger threatening them.

In his restlessness and preoccupation he did not notice the Bussian's abrupt manner. It was a horrible temptation. Twice Talbot's hand was outstretched to restore to the dead her blood-stained money: twice his evil genins the consciousness of an irreparable down-fall. Some hours before he had been an

> "How do you feel, Talbot?" It was Kitty Mellish's gentle, solicitous voice. Talbot opened his eyes, rousing his for the first time from his lethargy. His feeble glance wandered about the bare walls of a rudely furnished room.

> "The doctor said that you would come to yourself." continued Kitty. "I hardly dared believe him. No, no! dont talk; it is

Talbot remained perforce silent and motionless, though a burning anxiety was tor-turing him. He remembered everythingthe violent scene in the log house, the cowboys and the tragic death of Mrs. Relitska. Did they know him to be a thief, an assassin? Again and again he tried to question Kitty, who had installed herself at his pillow. But she shrugged her shoulders with a smile and refused to answer. Left to himself, he occupied his mind with one thought: what should he say if the authorities questioned him? Two hours later Kitty appeared more cheerful than before.

"Kitty, what has happened?" "Kitty, what has happened?"
Then the girl began the painful story. At dawn the people of the house had returned, accompanied by some friendly ranchmen, and found the corpse of Mrs. Relitaka and Talbot's bleeding form. Kitty alone could explain how the cowboys had attacked the three travelers, shooting Talbot and strangling Mrs. Relitaka when she refused to give up her jewels. Happily Kitty herself had made no resistance. As she proceeded had made no resistance. As she proceeded Talbot's anxiety decreased. Then they suspected nothing. Naturally everything was attributed to the cowboys, three of whom had been seized by inexorable justice and hanged from the nearest tree. The others had escaped, although one, an Irishmau, was suspected to be hiding about the neighbor-hood. Of the money concealed under Mrs. Relitska's dress not a word was said. Doubtless Kitty was unaware that her em-ployer carried so large a sum with her. Eighty thousand dollars! Talbot felt a fine perspiration sprinkling his brow. What had become of the envelope? It could not be still pinned to his vest. It would have been

"You must rest now," Kitty said.

Then he suddenly recalled the voice resembling Gregory O'Carroll's, and also the mention which Kitty had made of an Irishman having been with the cowboys.

"Kitty," he asked, "how did you leave my cousin, Gregory?" She cast down her eyes, and he added: "He was a suitor of

yours, and did he win your heart after came away?"

"That your heart had gone away with me?" Talbot interposed.
"Well, yes. There—the doctor said you must not excite yourself. After I had told him that, he vowed vengeance upon you. He pretended to believe that I meant to join

you here in America, and swore he follow us." "What if he led the attack on the log Then he told her of the voice like Greg-ory's that had directed the shot which had wounded him. Could it be?

Kitty insisted that he must rest, and he silently mused: "If Gregory did try to have me killed is he worse than I, for I am a murderer and a thief, too." Then he sought to invent some explanation for the psychological phenomenon which had sud-denly altered him from an honest man into a criminal. He did not willingly strangle the woman; he was protecting her, a self-condemned victim against herself. Worn out by morphine and whisky, she must have yielded to a cerebral congestion caused by

the pressure of his fingers upon her throat. Granted; the murderer might excuse himself, but how about other people? "I meant to steal," he went on, "but I didn't actually steal, for the money is no longer in my possession. It must have been lost or stolen on the way here. I yielded to temptation, it is true, but when I was not in full command of my faculties. It I had been well in mind and body I never should have done that. But I shall never profit by it, so I am innocent." Hence, from the moment when he accommodated himself to this subtle reasoning, Talbot began to shudder at the idea of losing the fruits of his theft.

That night, during Kitty's absence, he called to the only other occupant of the prairis house—an old man—and asked: "Aren't my clothes just at the foot of the bed? I wish you would put them over me, for I feel a little chilly."

The man smiled. How could anyone feel cold in such extreme heat, in the middle of

cold in such extreme heat, in the middle of June? Still, he humored the caprice, and then left him.

Talbot's trembling fingers sought the waistcoat. A miracle! The envelope was in its place. He could feel the bank notes

in its place. He could feel the bank notes crackling inside the paper. Bich? He was rich at last! His eyelids closed, and, worn out by the moral conflict, he fell into a profound sleep, full of delightful dreams. No more remorse, no more repentance. Henceforth he would look upon himself as neither a thief nor an assassin, but as a bold adventurer, taking his revenge upon all the world. Next morning he awoke upon the fifth day after the tragedy. He was still weak, but his brain was clear, and his first wideawake thought was of the money. He was alone. He took out the envelope, and when about to open it, saw that there was some writing on it. The handwriting, as he recognized at a glance, was that of Mrs. Relitska. It said:

recognized at a glance, was that of Mrs. Relitska. It said:

"If I should be killed to-night, as I think Talbot Power has been, and this money by any chance should escape the hands of the cowboyimob, I hereby bequeath it to Kitty Mellish. She is a good girl, whom I have abused, and this reparation will wrong no-body else, because I have no relative.

"MIRA RELITERA."

Talbot pressed his hands flat on his eyes, as though to disabuse them of an illusion; but when he opened them again they read the inscription as before. A cry of joy escaped from his lips. He was not a murderer. The will had been written, as its language showed, after the cowboys' attack, after she had dropped from his grasp in a swoon, and after he had been shot. She had died under the hands of the plunderers, who had not found the hidden riches. had not found the hidden riches.

So he was not a slayer of a woman. And

Kitty was an heiress!
Where was she now? He was eager to where was see now. He was eager to tell her of the good fortune. It was day-break, but not clear daylight, and he could barely see the writing plainly enough to read it. A tap at his door interrupted his second slow perusal. In response to his "Come in !" a form with the outlines of a ranchman entered, and stood in the shadow against the closed door. The hat, pulled well down over the forehead, would have hidden the face even in a less obscure chamber. For a hesitant moment the figure in the corner stood still and silent. Then it flung the closk back and pushed the hat

up from the face.
"Who the devil are you?" he asked in amazement, peering in the dim light eagerly As it came nearer he saw that the visitor was Kitty Mellish.

"There's short time for explanation," she said. "The house is going to be attacked by cowboy bandits. The woman told me—the woman who has been doing the house-

work here—and then she ran away to save herself. The scoundrels have an idea that Mrs. Relitska left money with us, and they're bound to get it."

"So she did, Kitty," Talbot replied. "It is here. She wrote a will bequeathing it to you."

is here. She wrote a will bequeating a set you."

"And I have news as startling. Who do you suppose was the leader of the mob that murdered Mrs. Relitska, nearly killed you, and is now coming to finish its work? Your cousin, Gregory O'Carroll. He came to see me two days ago. I didn't tell you of it yesterday because I wished to keep you quiet, He said he loved me, hated you, had followed me to America and would not leave me to you. He declared he would trump up a charge that you had murdered Mrs. Relitska, and bring a gang to lynch you. He will be here soon."

a seit-respectant as the ing carried in some layman's vest pocket. Let the minister be captain on his own quarterdeck. He is responsible before God and man. Therefore give him power. Responsibility without power is dangerous. Make his power co-extensive with his or responsibility. Then hold him responsibility, the does not level up to the responsibility, the first the does not level up to the responsibility, the first the mode of the country to continue the load can with a good conscience invite him to step down and out.

We urge the church to co-operate with the pastor. Co-operation is the open secret of successful work. Truel to put on the back of one came the load intended for the whole caravan. The epitaph of many a minister be captain on his own quarterdeck. He is responsible to the before God and man. Therefore give him power. Responsibility without power is dangerous. He does not level up to the responsibility, the first the mode of the providence of the power co-extensive with his or responsibility. Then hold him responsible. If he does not level up to the responsibility, the first the minister be captain on his own quarterdeck. He is responsible to the before God and man. Therefore give him power. Responsibility. Then hold him responsible. If he does not level up to the responsibility, the first the many and the power is dangerous. The beginning the power is dangerous.

"We will fight it out. You are weak yet, but together we will equal your usual self. I've put on these clothes so they will mistake me for a man, and not think a girl is your only companion. I will be a man for an hour, Talbot, or at least half a man."

The invalid's eyes shone very brightly.
"Do you mean it?" he said, and the girl answered with a look that sent the blood to the man's face.

She quitted the room for him to dress. He went to the window, opened it, leaned out, and whistled at a lump of darkness on the

road. It took shape and showed itself to be "Go to the railroad station with all speed," said Talbot. "Run as if the devil were after you, and back again with every fighting man they can muster. They'll

know what they're wanted for when they're here. Be off." here. Be off."

The shadow vanished, and Talbot, after making a crude three-minute toilet, let Kitty in.
"It will take the best part of half an hour

"It will take the best part of half an hour before we can have a man here," he said. "The later Cousin Gregory and his crew of cutthroats come, the worse for them." "Hush," she said. "I hear something." They listened. On the road, nearer and nearer, came the clatter of horses' hoofs. "There's enough of them," said Talbot. For the last time, Kitty, be off before it's

too late."
She turned on him with a fierce look on her beautiful face.
"Talbot, I will be a happy girl to die with you."

A great light of pity and passion shone in his eyes. "Well, well," he said, "if you say that you mean it, and if ever I have the chance to tell you what I think of you, I

shall be the happy man. But now we must make all snug."

He boited the front door. Then he came back, and in a moment he had bolted and locked the door of the room, had swung the table up against it and piled a couple of chairs on the top. Then he examined the

chambers of his pistol and took Kitty's from her belt and looked at it.

"Fourteen shots," he said softly to him-self. "None of them must miss." "None of them shall miss," said Kitty, He took her hand and held it for a secon while they looked into each other's eyes. There was a second's pause, which seemed endless, and the clattering of hoofs stopped

ntside. There was a beating at the door, and, naturally enough, no answer. Then Gregory O'Carroll's voice rose on the air. "Are you there, Talbot Powder?

you there?"

Talbot stepped to the window, opened it and leaned out into the dim light. He could discern a little knot of horsemen huddled together, and one looking up at the house.

"Is that you, Gregory?" said Talbot tauntingly. "And did you think we should be such poor company together—and we of kin, too—that you brought your fine friends the house.

"Come down, murderer," answered Greg-"If you want me you must come and take me." And with that Talbot slammed take me." And with that Talbot slammed down the window, and reaching out his hand, caught Kitty's, and pressed it.
"We shall have the wasps about our cars in an instant," he said; "let us pray we escape stinging."

escape stinging."

There came a great crashing at the door below, and in a few seconds the listeners heard it swing back. There was a moment's silence as the invaders reconnoitered the empty rooms. Then there came the sound of feet trampling up the statrs, and the glare of light under the door, and somebody caught the bandle and shook it violently.

"Open the door," came the voice of Gregory again. "You are fairly eaught."

"Devil a bot," relied out the Irishman profanaly. "Step inside and see for yourself."

The door was straining and grosning un-

der shoulder thrusts and kicks. Sud

there was a cresh as the door reeled in, and half a dozen men came stumbling in after it. Instantly from Taibot's revolver went a bullet, and one man fell on his face and lay still. A second shot, this one sinced by Kitty, sent another staggering back on the landing and thence down stairs, with a dismal thud. In another moment the room was empty again, and the assailants grouped themselves on the stairs out of sight and abot.

Outside there was a hurried muttering, and the voice of Gregory came hoarsely. "Now, boys, now." Then the enemy came From behind the intrenchments two

gleaming platels confronted them.
"There are two of them," yelled Gregory.
"Down with them!" and the mob pushed forward.

There was some quick exchanges of shots, and then the mob rushed back again, Gregory with a hole in his shoulder, one of his companions with a hole in his beart, which stretched him by the side of his first victim. Out of eight men, three were sped, and Gregory was wounded with one other.

"Come on, Cousin Gregory," shouted Talbot cheerily. "Don't be bashful, man." The assassins charged again, and again retreated, leaving two of their number wounded too badly to keep up the fight. There were only four now to fight, including Gregory. forward.

ing Gregory.

"Have you had enough?" asked Talbot jeeringly, and from his side Kitty echoed him: "Have you had enough, Mr. O'Car-

Gregory's face grew livid.

"You, Miss Mellish—you—you shall pay
for this." Then turning to the others,

"Come," he said, "it's only a woman." "Come," he said, "it's only a woman."

The four men advanced warily; but there was a noise outside and trampling on the stairs, and half a dozen men rushed in and took the lynchers in the rear. In ten seconds they were disarmed and driven away. Gregory has not been heard of since.

After the fight, Talbot turned to Miss Mellish, who was leaning, pale as death, against the wall. against the wall. against the wall.

"Kitty," he said, "I have never met with a woman like you in my life, and never shall again. Shall we fight the world together again a little longer? What do you say to your becoming Mrs. Powers."

"With all the pleasure in life," said the woung lady simply.

young lady simply. [THE END.] Copyrighted, 1889. All rights reserved.

SUNDAY THOUGHTS -ON-

## MORALS AND MANNERS

BY A CLERGYMAN.

Several churches in this vicinity have recently installed new pastors. A word to he se churches regarding their duties to these pastors will have the merit of timeliness.

For one thing, let the minister boss the job. There must be a head to everything. Who else is so well fitted to lead and control in church affairs as the minister? Who else knows the situation so well, and is in such

intimate touch with the parish? As in polities, there are always a plenty of patriots willing to serve their country-for a consideration, so in the church there are consideration, so in the church there are men who for the consideration of prominence and influence will plot and pull wires to get into parochial office. If such men get in, get them out. If they are out, keep them out. Nothing kills a church so surely in a self-respecting and intelligent community as the reputation of being carried in some layman's vest pocket. Let the minister be captain on his own counterface.

camel the load intended for the whole caravan. The epitaph of many a minister might well be this: "Murdered by the idleness and indifference of the parish." Lay hold with him. This will make work easy, inspiring, successful. Hello, there, lazy church members! lend a hand.

"Tis the duty of the church to defend the pastor's reputation. This is the medium of his influence. If this is gone what is left? And it is as delicate as a woman's—s breath is sometimes fatal. There are in every church whisperers and backbiters: men, who when any slander begins to circulate, shrug the shoulders and arch the 'eyebrows and look wiser than they are; women who cough under the handkerchief—and other women, who, without any malicious purpose, do endless mischief by gossiping, whose tongue is hung as a pivot and runs at both ends. Nor are women the only offenders in the way of gossip. There are men whose tongues are so long that they must be measured with a yardstick. Moreover, what mischief could gossipers do if it were not for the gossip hearers? According to an old writer, both these classes ought to be hanged—the one by the tongue and the other by the ear. There is one text which needs to be frequently preached on nowadaya, vis; "All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." If this be trus, then Satan will have to lay in an extra stock of brimstone!

Surely, a Christian church should be as charitable as the common law is; and this holds a man to be innecent until he is proved to be guilty. A pastor's reputation is the special charge of his pecole. They should defend it as long as it is defensible.

A church should show the fruits of preachneod.

What makes a church? Not a magnificient edifice (usually morreaged): not a crowd of

What makes a church? Not a magnificient edifice (usually mortgaged); not a crowd of hearers; not a five thousand dollar choir; not a gifted preacher. These are, at best, mere accessories. No, men and women—self-sacrificing, noble living; these make a church. There is in the community a prejudice against the church which has no piety. Even wordly people feel that a church should love and exemplify righteousness. Is this impression a mistake?

If a church is attached to its pastor let it say so. There are some husbands who never speak well of their wives until they are sainted. There are some wives who seldom refer to their husband until they come to speak of them as "the late lamented." So some churches make a point of not manifesting the affection they really feel—until the pastor goes away. "I would never have left my late charge," said a pastor, "had I imagined my people loved me as they showed they did when I resigned." George Eliot makes "Mrs. Poyer" say in Adom Bede: "It's poor work allays a settin' the dead above the livin'. We shall all on us be dead sometime, I reckon; and it'ud be better if folks 'ud make much on us beforehand, instild o' beginnin' when we're gone. It's but little good you'll do a waterin' the last year's crop." This remark of "Mrs. Poyer" is respectfully commended to all congregations.

LUTHER thanked God for the little words in the Bible. He is our Father. He so loved the world that He gave His Son. He is the God of all comfort. Life is saddened and we need this view of the influite and eternal. JESUS remains the highest model of religion within the reach of human thought; and no perfect piety is possible without His presence in the heart.—Strauss.

THAT mightiest heart that ever by the spirit of God, how it wrought in Christ's bosom! What words of rebuke, of comfort, of counsel, of admonition, of promise, of hope, of revelation, did he pour out! Words that fractify the soul as summer dows and sunshine do the soil.—Theodore Parker. WHATEVER may be the surprises of the fu-

ture, Jesus will never be outgrown. His wor, ship will grow young without ceasing, His suf-ferings will melt the noblest hearts, and all ages will proclaim him the greatest of the sons of men.—Rewon. I BELIEVE Jesus Christ to be more than human being. All admit, and joyfully admit that, by His greatness and goodness, He throws all other human attainments into obscurity.— William Ellery Channing.

If the life and death of Socrates were those

of a sage, the life and death of Josus are those of a sage, the life and death of Josus are those of a God.—Rousseau.

The career of Christ is a beautiful picture of purity and simplicity and shows what excellent creatures men would be when under the influence and power of that gospel which he preached to them.—Thomas Chubb.

Now when the Centurion, and they that were with him watching Josus, saw the earthquake, and those things that were done, they feared greatly, saying: Truly this was the Son of God.

Matthew savet, 155. JACK'S LIFE AFLOAT.

W. Clark Russell Gives Some Experiences Under the Title of

PLUMS FROM A SAILOR'S DUFF.

Hairbreadth Escapes From Icebergs Off Cape Rorn.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

ATTACKED BY A CRAZED THIRD MATE

It has been commonly expected of sailers in all ages that they should encounter nothing upon the ocean but hair-breadth escanes. The theory is that the mariner but half discharges his duties when his experiences are limited to his work as a seaman. That he may be fully and perfectly accomplished vocationally he must know what it is to have been cast away, to have barely come off with his life out of a ship on fire, to have been overboard on many occasions in heavy seas to have chewed pieces of lead in open boats to assuage his thirst—to have encountered, in ahort, most of the stock horrors of the oceanic calling. Considering, however, that the sailor goes to sea holding his life in his hand, I cannot but think that his mere occupation is perilous enough to satisfy the romantic demands of the shoregoing dreamer. It is feigned that the seafaring life is not one jot more dangerous than most of the laborious callings followed ashore. Let no man credit within a mutsket shot of our rail au iceberg that looked as big as St. Paul's Cathedral, with a stormy roaring of the gale in its ravines and valleys, and the white smoke of the snow revolving about its pinnacles and spires like volumes of steam, and a volcanic noise of mighty seas bursting against its base and recoiling from the adamant of its crystalline sides in acres of foam. We were heading for it at the rate of 13 miles an hour as neatly as you point the end of a thread into the eye of a needle. In a few minutes we should have been into it, crumbled against it, dissolved upon the white waters about it, and have meta name-followed ashore. Let no man credit been overboard on many occasions in heavy seas to have chewed pieces of lead in open followed ashore. Let no man credit this. The sailor never springs aloft, never slides out to a yard arm, never gives battle to the thunderous canvas, scarcely performs a duty, indeed, that does not contain a distinct menace to his life. That the calling has less of danger in it in these days than it formerly held I will not undertake to determine. If in former times ships put to sea destitute of the scientific equipment which characterizes the fabrics of this age, the mariner supplied the deficiencies of the shipyard by caution and patience. He was never in a hurry. He Horn. It was my third voyage; I was still equipment which characterizes the fabrics patience. He was never in a hurry. He patience. He was never in a hurry. He waited with a resigned countenance upon the will of the wind. He plied his lead and log-line with indefatigable diligence. There was no prompt dispatch in his day, no headlong thundering, through weather as thick as mud in a wine glass, to reach his port. We have diminished many of the risks he ran through imperfect appliances, but, on the other hand, we have raised a plentiful stock of our own, so that the balance between then and now shows pretty ance between then and now shows pretty

level.

My seafaring experiences covered about eight years, and they hit a transitional period of immense moment—I mean the gradual transformation of the marine fabric from wood into iron. I was always afloat in wood, however, and never knew what it was to have an iron plate between me and the yearning wash of the brine outside until I went a voyage to Natal and back in the search of the prine outside until I went a voyage to Natal and back in til I went a voyage to Natal and back in a big ocean steamer that all day long throbbed to the maddened heart in her engine room, like some black and gleaming leviathan rendered hysterical by the lances of whalers feeling for its life, and all night long stormed through the dark ocean shadow like a body of fire, faster than a gale of wind could in my time have driven the swifter could in my time have driven the swifter

A WILD NIGHT AT SEA. What hair-breadth escapes did I meet with? I have been asked. Was I ever marooned? Ever cast away, as Jack says, on the top crust of a half-penny loaf? Ever overboard among sharks? Ever gazing madly round the horizon, the sole occupant of a frizzling boat, in search of a ship where of a frizzing boat, in search of a ship where I might obtain water to cool my blue and frothing lips? Well, my duff is not a very considerable one, and the few plums in it I fear are almost wide enough apart to be out of hall of one another. However, a sample or two will suffice to enable me to keep my word and to write something at all events autoniographic.

So let us start off Cape Horn on a July day in the year of grace 1859. The ship was a fine old Australian liner, a vessel of hard a fine old Australian liner, a vessel of hard upon 1,400 tons, a burden that in those days constituted a large craft. She was commanded by one Captain Neathy, something of a favorite, I believe, in the passenger trade—a careful old man with bow legs and a fiery grog-blossom of a nose. He wore a tall chimney-pot hat in all weathers, and was reckoned a yery careful man because he always furled his fore and mizzen royals in the first dog watch every night. We were a long way south: I cannot remember the exact late. way south; I cannot remember the exact lat-itude, but I know it was drawing close upon 60°. There was a talk in the midshipmen's berth among us that the captain was trying his hand at the great Circle course, but none of us knew much about it down in none of us knew much about it down in that gloomy, 'tween-decks, slush-flavored cavern in which we youngsters lived. I was 14 years old, homeward bound on my first voyage; a little bit of a midshipman,

I was 14 years old, homeward bound on my first voyage; a little bit of a midshipman, burnt dry by Pacific suns, with a mortal hatred and terror of the wild, inexpressibly bitter cold of the roaring ice-loaded parallels in whose Antarctic twilight our noble ship was plunging and rolling now under a fragment of maintopsail, now under a reefed foresail and double-reefed foretopsail, chased by the shricking western gale that flew like volleys of scissors and thumbscrews over our tafirail, and by seas whose glittering, flickering peaks one looked up at from the neighborhood of the wheel as at the brows of tall and beetling cliffs. The gale was white with snow, and dark with the blinding fall of it too, when I came on deck at noon. I was in the chief mate's, or port watch, as it is called. The ship was running under a double-reefed topsail—in those days we carried single sails—reefed foresail, close-reefed foretopsail, and maintopmast staysail. The snow made a London fog of the atmosphere; forward of the galley the ship was out of sight at times when it came thundering down out of the blackness aft, white as any smother of spume. She pitched with the majesty of a line-of-battle ship, as she launched herself in long floating runhes from gleaming pinnacle to seething valley with heavy melancholy sobbing of water all about her decks, and her narrow, distended band of maintopsail hovering overhead black as a raven's pinion in the flying hoariness. We were washing through it at 12 or 13 knots an hour, though the ship was as stiff as a madman in a strait jacket, with the compressed wool in her hold and loaded down to her mainchain bolts besides.

SMELLING ICEBERGS.

By two bells (one o'clock) forward of the break of the poop the decks were deserted, though now and again amid some swirtly passing flaw in the storm of snow, you might just discern the gleaming shapes of two men on the look-out on the forecastle, with the glimpse of a figure in the foretop, also on the watch for anything that might be ahead. The captain in his tall hat was stumping the deck to and fro close against the wheel, cased in a long pilot coat, under the skirts of which his legs, as he slewed round, showed like the lower limb of the letter O. Through the closed skylight windows I could get a sort of watery view of the cuddy passengers—as they were then the cuddy passengers—as they were then called—reading, playing at chess, playing the piano, below. There were some scores of steerage and 'tweendedk passengers, deeper yet in the bowels of the ship, but hidden out of sight by the closed hatches. I know not why it should have been, but I was the only midshipman on the poop though the ship carried 12 of us, six to a watch. The other five were doubtless loaf a watch. The other he were doubtless loading about under cover somewhere. I stood close beside the chief mate to windward holding to the brase rail that ran athwart the break of the poop. This officer was a Scotchman, a man named Thompson, and I auppose no better seaman ever trod a ship's

on a sudden he stopped in what he was say-ing, and fell a suiffing violently. "I smell ice," said he, with a glance aft at

"I smell ice," said he, with a glance aft at the captain.

Smell ice! thought I, with a half look at him, for I believed he was joking. For my part, it was all ice to me—one dense, yelling atmosphere of anow; every flake barbed, and the cold of a bitterness beyond words. He fell a-sniffing again quickly and vehemently, and stepped to the side, sanding a thirsty look into the white blindness abead, while I heard him mutter, "There's ice close aboard, there's ice close aboard!" As he spoke the words there arose a loud and fearful cry from the forecastle.

"Ice right ahead, sir!" repeated the chief mate, whipping round upon the captain.

"I see it, sir! I see it, sir!" roared the akipper. "Hard a starboard men. Hard a starboard for your lives. Over with it."

A CLOSE CALL.

A CLOSE CALL. The two fellows at the helm sent the spokes flying like the driving wheel of a locomotive; the long ship upborne at the instant by a huge Pacific sea, paid off like creature of instinct, sweeping slowly but surely to port just in time. For right on the starboard bow of us there leaped out into proportions terrible and magnificent within a musket shot of our rail an iceberg less end. Boy as I was, and have meta name-less end. Boy as I was, and bitter as was the day, I remember feeling a stir in my hair as I stood watching with open mouth the passage of the mountainous mass close alongaide into the pale void astern, while the ship trembled again and again to the blows and thumps of vast blocks of floating ine.

"Ice right ahead, sir," came the "Ice right ahead, sir," came the cry again, nor could we clear the jamble of bergs until the dusk had settled down, when we hove to for the night. No one was but but I we have to for the night.

Horn. It was my third voyage; I was still a midshipman and in the second mate's watch. I came on deck at midnight and found the ship hove to, breasting what in this age of steamboats, and, for the matter of that, perhaps in any other age, might be termed a terrific sea. She was making good weather of it; that is to say, she kept her decks dry, but she was diving and rolling most hideously, with such swift headlong shearing of her spars through the gale that the noises up in the blackness aloft were as though the spirits of the inmates of a thousand lunatic asylums had been suddenly enlarged from their bodies and sent yelling into limbo. The wind blew with an unendurable edge in the sting and bite of it. The second mate and I, each with a rope girdling his waist to swing by, stood muffled up to our noses under the lee of a square of cansand lunatic asylums had been suddenly en-larged from their bodies and sent yelling into limbo. The wind blew with an unen-durable edge in the sting and bits of it. The second mate and I, each with a rope girdling his waist to swing by, stood muffled up to our noses under the lee of a square of can-vas seized to the mizzen shrouds.

A TIME TO DRINK COFFEE. Presently he roared into my ear, "Sort of night for a pannikin of coffee, ch, Mr. Rus-

seil?"

"Ay, ay, sir," I replied, and with that, liberating myself from the rope, I clawed my way along the line of the hencoops—the decks sometimes sloping almost up and down to the heavy weather scends of the huge black billows—and descended into the midshipmen's berth. It was not the first time I had made a cup of coffee for myself and the second mate in the middle watch during cold weather. An old nurse who had lived in my family for years had given me an apparatus, consisting of a spirit lamp and a funnel-shaped contrivance of block tin, along with several pounds of very good coffee, and with this I used to keep the second mate and myself supplied with the real luxury of a hot and aromatic drink during wet and frosty watches. The midshipmen's berth was a narrow room down in the 'tween berth was a narrow room down in the 'tween deek, bulkheaded off 'rom the sides, fitted with a double row of bunks one on top' of another, the lower beds being about a foot think, with just enough sense left in me ta above the deck. There were five midship-men all turned in and fast asleep. The others, who were on watch, were clustered under the break of the poop for the shelter

A lonely one-eyed sort of slush lamp, with sputtering wick and stinking flame swung wearily from a blackened beam, renswung wearily from a blackened beam, rendering the darkness but little more than visible. I slung my little cooking apparatus near to it, filled the lamp with spirits of wine, put water and coffee into the funnel, and then set fire to the arrangement. I stood close under it, wrapped from head to foot in gleaming oilskins—looking a very bloated little shape, I don't doubt, from the quantity of clothing I were under the water-proofs—waiting for the water to boil. The seas roaved in thunder high shows the seat. wine, put water and coffee lato the funnel, and then set fire to the arrangement. I stood close under it, wrapped from head to foot in gleaming oilskins—looking a very bloated little shape, I don't doubt, from the quantity of clothing I were under the water-proofs—waiting for the water to boil. The seas roared in thunder high above the scuttles to the wild and sickening dipping of the ship's side into the trough. The humming of the gale pierced through the decks with the sound of a crowd of bands of music in the distance, all playing together, and each one a different tune. The midshipmen anored, and coats and small clothes hanging from the bunk stanchions wearily swung, sprawling out and in like bodies dangling from gallows in a gale of wind.

FIRE BETWEEN DECKS.

FIRE BETWEEN DECKS.

All in a moment a sea of unusual weight and fury took the ship and hove her down to the height, as you would have thought, of her top-gallant rail; the headlong movement went me sliding to leeward; the forethatch of my sou wester struck the spirit lamp; down it poured in a line of fire upon the deck, where it surged to and fro in a sheet of flame, with the movements of the ship. I was so horribly frightened as to be almost paralyzed by the sight of that flickering stretch of yellowish light, sparkling and leaping us it swept under the lower bunks and came racing back again to the bulkhead with the windward incline. I fell to stamping upon it in my seaboots, little fool that I was, hoping in that way to extinguish it. A purple-faced midshipman occupied one of the lower bunks, and his long nose lay over the edge of it. He opened occupied one of the lower bunks, and his long nose lay over the edge of it. He opened his eyes, and after looking sleepily for a mo-ment or two at the coating of pale fire rush-ing from under his bed, he snuffled a bit, and muttering, "Doceid nice smell; burnt brandy; ain't it?" he turned over and went to sleep again with his face the other

I was in an agony of consternation, and yet afraid of calling for help lest I should be very roughly manhandled for my carelesaness. There was a deal of "raffle" under the bunks; sea boots, little bundles of clothing, and I know not what cise; but thanks to Cape Horn everything was happily as damp as water itself. There was therefore nothing to kindle, nor was there any aperture through which the burning spirit could run below into the hold; so by degrees the flaming stuff consumed itself and in ten minutes time; the planks were black again. I went on deak and reported what had happened to the second mate. All he said was "My God!" and instantly ran below to satisfy himself that there was no he said was "My God!" and instantly ran below to satisfy himself that there was no further danger. I can never recall that little passage of my life without a shudder. There were 195 souls of us aboard, and had I managed to set the ship on fire that night the doom of every living creature would have lived an instant in such a sea as was then ranging.

AN INDIAN OCEAN EXPERIENCE. As indian occan experience.

In a very different climate from that of Cape Horn I came very near to meeting with an extremely ugly end. It was a little business entirely out of the routine of the ordinary ocean dangers, but the memory of it sends a thrill through me to this hour, though it is much past 20 years since it bappened. I was making my second voyage aboard a small full-rigged ship that had been hired by the Government for the concen hired by the Government for the condeck. He was talking to me about getting home, asking me whether I would rather be off Cape Hora in a snowstorm or making to sit down with my brothers and sisters at my father's table to a jolly good dinner of fish and roast beel and pudding; when all

the port compariment, the third and fourth materand myself slung our hammeeks on the starboard side. The third mate was a man of good family, aged about 21, a young Hercules in strength, with heavy under jaws and the low, peculiar brow of the prize-fighter. He had been a midshipman in Smith's service, and was a good and active sallor, very nimble aloft, and expert in his work about the ship, but of a sullen, morose disposition, and a heavy drinker whenever the opportunity to get drink presented itself. I think he was regarded by all hands as a little touched, but I was too young to remark in him any eddities which might strike an older observer. He was given to delivering himself the port compartment, the third and fourth oddities which might strike an older observer. He was given to delivering himself of certain dark, wild fancies. I remember he once told me that if he owed a man a grudge, he would not scruple to plant himself alongside of him on a yard on a black night, and kick the foot-rope from under him when his hands were busy, and so let him go overboard. But this sort of talk I would put down to mere boasting, and, indeed, I thought nothing of it.

We were in the Indian Ocean, and one evening I sat at supper (as ten, the last meal on board ship is always called) along with this man and the fourth mate. We fell into some sort of nautical argument, and in the heat of the discussion I said something that caused the third mate to look at me fixedly for a little, while he muttered under his

for a little, while he muttered under his breath, in a kind of half-stifled way, as though his teeth were set. I did not eatch the words, but I am quite certain from the the words, but I am quite certain from the fourth mate's manner that he had heard them, and that he knew what was in the other's mind. I say this because I recollect that very shortly afterward the fellow rose and walked out on deck with an air about him as if he was willing to give the third mate a chance of being alone with me.

A MEAN TRICK.

It was a mean trick, but then he was It was a mean trick, but then he was a cowardly rogue, and when I afterward heard that he had been dismissed from the service he had formerly entered for robbing his shipmates of money and tobacco and the humble trifles which sailors carry about with them in their sea chests I was wicked enough, recalling how he had walked out of that deckhouse, leaving me, a little boy, alone with a strong, brutal, crasy third mate, to hope that he might yet prove guilty of larger sins still, for I could not but regard him as a creature that deserved to be hanged. The instant this man stepped hanged. The instant this man stepped through the door the third mate jumped up and closed it. It traveled in grooves, and he whipped it to with a temper which

put an expression of savage exultation into them; and this look of his somehow held me motionless and speechless. He half raised his arm, but a sudden irresolution possessed

him, as though my passivity was a check upon his intentions.

"No, no;" he exclaimed, after a little, I'll manage better than this;" and still grasping me by the collar of my jacket he dropped his belt and ran me to the fore end of the compartment; threw me on my back and knelt upon me. Within reach of his arm, kneeling as he was, were three shelves, on which we kept such crockery and cutlery as we owned, along with our slender stores of sugar and flour and the cold remains of previous repasts. He felt for a knife; I could hear the blades rattle as his fingers groped past his curved wrist for one of them, and then flourishing the black-handled weapon in front of my eyes, he exclaimed: "Now I'm going to murder you.

IN A MANIAC'S POWER. I lay stock still. I never uttered a word: I or struggled, no matter how faintly, should transform him into a wild beast should transform him into a wild beast. Nothing but my lying corpse-like under the pressure of his knee saved me, I am certain. My gaze was fixed upon his face, and I see him now staring at me with his little eyes on fire, and the knife poised ready to plunge. This posture, may be, he retained for two or three minutes; it ran into long hours to me. Then on a sudden he threat the knife swant are her knif he threw the knife sway backward over his

ever had the fortune to be shipmates with.
To him I related what had happened.
"O—ho," cried be, "attempted murder,
hey? Our friend must be taught that we
don't allow this sort of thing to happen

ble to figure a more horrible illustration of madness than his countenance. I bolted as if the devil had been after me, estehing just a glimpse of the powerful creature wreating in the grasp of the two seamen who were dragging him backward into the gloom of

A NIGHTMARE PRODUCER. Such an escape as this I regard as dis-Such an escape as this I regard as dis-thatly more eventful, if not more romantic, than falling overboard and being rescued when almost spent, or being picked up after a fortnight's exposure in an open boat. My most sleep-murdering nightmares nearly always include the phantom form of that burly, crazed, third mate kneeling upon my motionless little figure, and feeling for a knife as one of the shelves just over my head.

I could relate a score of experiences; of I could relate a score of experiences; of ugly collisions with the police in Calcutta, of a narrow escape of being thrown overboard by a dinghy-wallah of the River Hooghley, of a desperate fight in the slings of the mizzen-topgallant yard with an apprentice of my own age, and the like; but the space at my disposal obliges me to conclude. Very little of the heroic enters the sailor's life. The risks he runs, the adventures he encounters, have, as a rule, nothing sailor's life. The risks he runs, the adventures he encounters, have, as a rule, nothing of the romantic in them; they are mainly brought about by his own foolhardiness, by the proverbial carelesaness that is utterly irreconcilable with the stern obligations of vigilance, alertness, and foresight imposed upon him by the nature of his calling, by the imbedlity of his shipmates, and much too often by drink. Yet no matter what the cause of most of the perils he meets with, his experience, I take it, head the march of professional dangers. Small wonder that faith in the "sweet little cherub that sits up aloft" should still linger in the foreaits up aloff" should still linger in the fore-castle. For certainly if it were not for the bright lookout kept over him by some sort of maritime angel, the mariner would rank foremost as among the most perishable of